

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Sylvester liked to think that he
Was some one famed in history

So when the twenty-second came
Of course he played his favorite game.



SYLVESTER SLADE AND THE GAME HE PLAYED.

And like young George, he solemnly
Chopped down a thriving cherry tree!

Then hailed his father with a cry:
"I cut this tree; I cannot lie!"

Expecting him to say with joy:
"My splendid, noble, truthful boy!"
Alas for plans that go awry—
Sylvester thought he'd better fly!

Elizabeth Kirkman Fitzhugh.

The Prince's Adventure with Oefa

By PADRAIC COLUM.

VI.

"You said, ancient man, that the King of Ireland's son stayed in the forked tree, with no one to give him a bite or a sup.
"Until the white moon went out in the sky, until the secret people began to whisper in the woods—so long did the King of Ireland's son remain in the fork of the tree.

"And then, when it was neither dark nor light, he saw a crane flying toward the tree. It lighted on the branch beyond him. 'Have you a message for me?' said the Prince. The crane tapped three times with its beak on the branch. Then the King of Ireland's son got down from the tree and prepared to follow the bird messenger.
"This was the way the crane went:

"And what would you advise me to do?"

"Let me help you. In this tower," said she, "there are the wisest books in the world. We'll surely find in one of them a way for you to get away from this place. And then I'll go back with you to your own country."

"Why would you do that?" he asked.
"Because I wish to be your wife," Aefa replied.

The Crane Misleads the Prince, and He Still Must Search.

outstretched, and gave him a blow on the back.

"So the Prince went back over the marshes and across little streams, and he was glad when he saw the forked tree again.

"He climbed into the tree then and he knew that he had not long to wait before the sun would rise and the King of the Black Wilderness would come to him and give him the third of the tasks he had to perform.

"Bear in mind, little lad, what I said to you often before—the new story is for the new day. When you see me again I will tell you about the third task and the last adventure of the King of Ireland's son.

Puzzle Answers

Rome.
Greece.
Turkey.
Hungary.

Coasting

BY DAVID CORY.

"Hip-hurrah! away they go
Gliding over the glittering snow,
Down the hill at a furious rate,
Over the lawn and out through the gate.
Jimmy in front is squeezed pretty tight,
But what does he care,—he's safe all right!
Billy the motorman guides the wheel
Which steers the sled on its runners of steel.
Flossie is cuddled up next to Bill,
And last on the sled is sister Jill.
Hip-hurrah! as on they glide,
Isn't it lots of fun to slide?
Up again to the top of the hill
Dragging the sled for motorman Bill.
Then once more they get into place,
All aboard! for another race.
What is more fun I'd like to know
Than coasting over the glittering snow.



"INSTANTLY EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM BEGAN TO ATTACK THE PRINCE."

It would fly a little way and then light on the ground until the Prince came up to it. Then it would fly again. Over marshes and across little streams the crane led him. And all the time the Prince thought he was being brought to the place where the Princess Finoola was—to the place where he would get food and where he could rest until just before the sun rose.

THE TOWER.

"They went on and on until they came to an old tower. The crane lighted upon it. The Prince saw there was an iron door in the tower, and he pulled a chain until it opened. Then he saw a little room lighted with candles, and he saw a young woman looking at herself in the glass. Her back was toward him, and her hair was the same as Finoola's.

"But when the young woman turned around he saw she was not the Princess Finoola. She was little, and she had a face that was brown and tight like a nut. She made herself very friendly to the King of Ireland's son, and went to him and took his hands and smiled into his face.

"You are welcome here," said she.
"Who are you?" he asked.

Aefa Offers to Help.

"I am Aefa," said she, "the youngest and the most loving of the three daughters of the King of the Black Wilderness." She stroked his face and his hands when she spoke to him.

"And why did you send for me, King's daughter?"

"Because I know what great trouble you're in. My father is preparing a task for you and it will be a terrible one. You'll never be able to carry it out."



by GERTRUDE P. BISHOP

DADDY Long-Legs had this story from his Cousin Susie Spider, but as Jimmy Cricket seems very sensitive about it, I will tell it to you, if you promise that if you ever find a cricket in your room, you, too, will not hurt it, but let it go free.

As you know, chickens and turkeys consider a cricket the most delicate morsel, and as their little black bodies are very conspicuous in the grass, they have to be very nimble and quick, and able to run, jump and hide with all speed.

Jimmy Cricket was more lively than them all, and he was continually getting into trouble. But let Susie Spider tell the story:

"I was dozing in my summer house, on top of the piazza's roof, when I heard the chirp, chirp, chirp of a cricket coming from the inside of the house. I hustled down my staircase to the window and, looking in, spied Jimmy Cricket sitting right on the hearth, in Master George's study. My goodness, thought I. What will happen to poor Jimmy if he disturbs him at his work? Only yesterday he was so angry at a mere fly buzzing near him that he threw his books on the floor, and came stamping out here so heavily that I thought he was going to bring my house down. Then he told his

wife she was not a good housekeeper, which annoyed her, and me as well, as she is always looking into nooks and crannies for my traps, and now she will be more careful than ever.

"No," said Master George, going around in circles in that funny way humans have of imitating us when they are angry. 'No good housewife allows flies or insects of any kind to be found in their houses.' That is what he had said only the day before, so I used my eight legs as fast as possible and ran away up into the garret from sheer fright. And here was Jimmy Cricket singing merrily away, unmindful of the danger that lay in that terrible foot so very near.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp," sang he. 'Confound that cricket! Can a man never have peace? Silence—then, 'Chirp, chirp, chirp.' Poor Jimmy. I feared I would never hear that voice again, when suddenly Master George goes quickly to the earth, then rushes to the window, and the next instant a little black body is being hurled into space, and Jimmy Cricket, very much surprised, landed on the piazza steps. 'You may bring good luck,' cried Master George, 'but I'll be hanged if I can stand you near me.' And with that he banged the window. Strange things humans are, but, if you asked me, it was Jimmy Cricket who had the luck that time," and Susie Spider smiled.

WHEN THE SAND-MAN COMES



By CONSTANCE E. SNIDER.

The Sand-Man comes at close of day
When I just long to stay and play.
But mother says, "You sleepy-head,
Why don't you tumble into bed?"
I never see him coming near,
I only know when he is here

By crinkly feelings in my eyes,
He likes to take me by surprise.

But I don't really mind at all
His tiptoeing softly down the hall.
Some day I may be up so late
I'll catch him at the garden-gate.

The Crested Pigeon of Australia

By ROYAL DIXON.

OF all the great tribe of pigeons perhaps none are more beautiful, or less known, than the crested pigeon. It is a native of Central Australia, and is usually found near streams or in marshy places.

One of the strangest habits of these pigeons is that of closely flocking together. This they do to an extent that seems absurd. A large

flock of crested pigeons will alight in the same tree, sit closely packed on the same branch and at the same moment all fly off in a mass.

FLY IN STRANGE WAY.

Another interesting thing about these birds is their strange manner of flying. When one of them darts from a tree on which it is sitting it makes a few quick strokes with its strong wings, and then darts off on a steady flight, like an arrow. But as

soon as it settles it raises its head, throws its crest erect and flings its tail over its back so that the tail and crest almost touch each other.

The nest is not unlike that of most pigeons. It is made of dead twigs,



and is placed on forking branches, usually not very far from the ground. When sitting on the nest the crest rests on the back, and is not noticeable from the rest of the plumage.

HOW THE PIGEON LOOKS.

The head and the breast are light gray, the long, slender crest being very black, and the neck is slightly tinged with a rosy pink. The back of the neck and the tail covers are light brown; the feathers at the upper end of the wing are buff, crossed with black nearer their tips. The great coverlets are orange green with a white edging. The tail has two big brown feathers in the center. The bill is jetty black, the feet light pink and, to add to all this splendor of color, the eyes are orange, set in pink orbits.



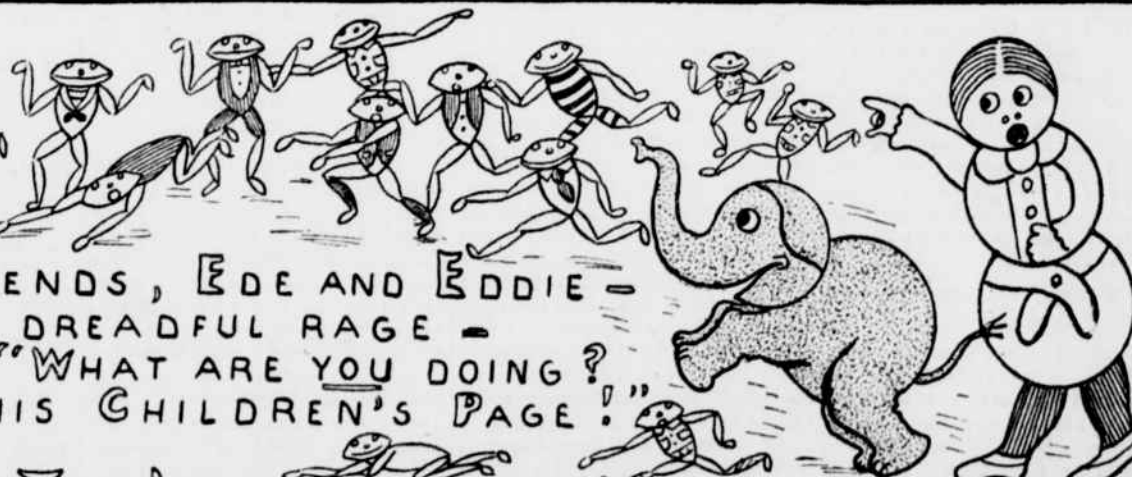
ITS AND OTHERS



THE ITS, ONE DAY, WERE THINKING
OF SOMETHING ELSE TO DO,
WHEN TWO EXCITED CREATURES
GAME DASHING INTO VIEW.



OUR OLD FRIENDS, EDE AND EDDIE—
IN QUITE A DREADFUL RAGE—
WHO CRIED: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GET OFF THIS CHILDREN'S PAGE!"



THE ITS WERE SCARED AND TROUBLED
AND PROMISED TO BE GOOD
SO EDE AND EDDIE TOLD THEM
TO TRY IT—IF THEY COULD.

F. WHITE